6 PART MINI-SERIES

SON OF AMBUSH BUG™

4
OCT. 86

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

I STILL DON'T SEE WHAT THIS HAS TO DO WITH THE STORY INSIDE!

A

TRUST US!

JULIUS SCHWARTZ LAMENTS:

"HE WON'T EVEN RETURN MY CALLS"

NO. 109
OCT.
No 278 IN CANADA

EXPERIENCE THE NEW RONIN AMPUTATION DIET

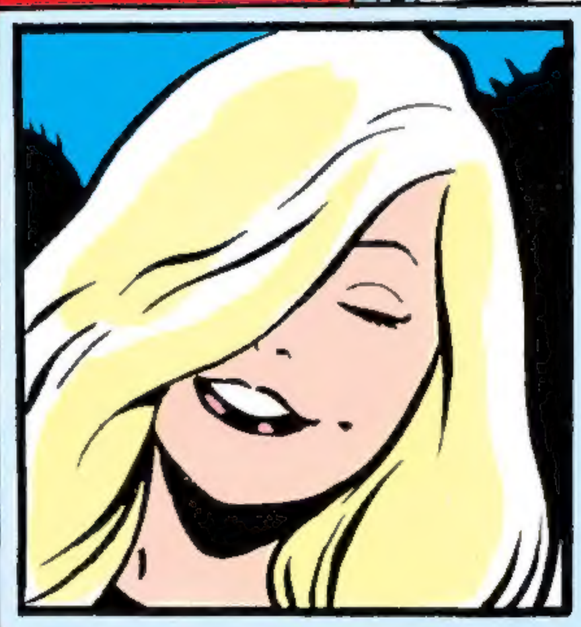
THE Comics Inquirer

The Magazine for SUMO INTELLECTUALS

STILL ONLY 50¢ BUT JUST YOU WAIT

EX-BABIES' JABBERFEST

S-1803-S



BUNNY READS AND REVIEWS THE CURRENT COMICS WHILE CHEWING GUM...

... AND BREATHING!!

"AMBUSH BUG" ARTIST KEITH GIFFEN DRAWS A GUN IN A CROWDED RESTAURANT!!

EDITORIAL

By Arnie Glib

The other day I was playing handball with my girlfriend Dena when she mentioned how much she enjoys the comic book from DC called *Ambush Bug*. We soon began to argue the merits of the book, my position being that the comic in question is complete and utter swill and that therefore Dena must be a tasteless cretin, not to mention a swillhound. Suddenly, and to my profound amazement, Dena burst into tears and ran off the court, right in the middle of our argument! I haven't seen her since.

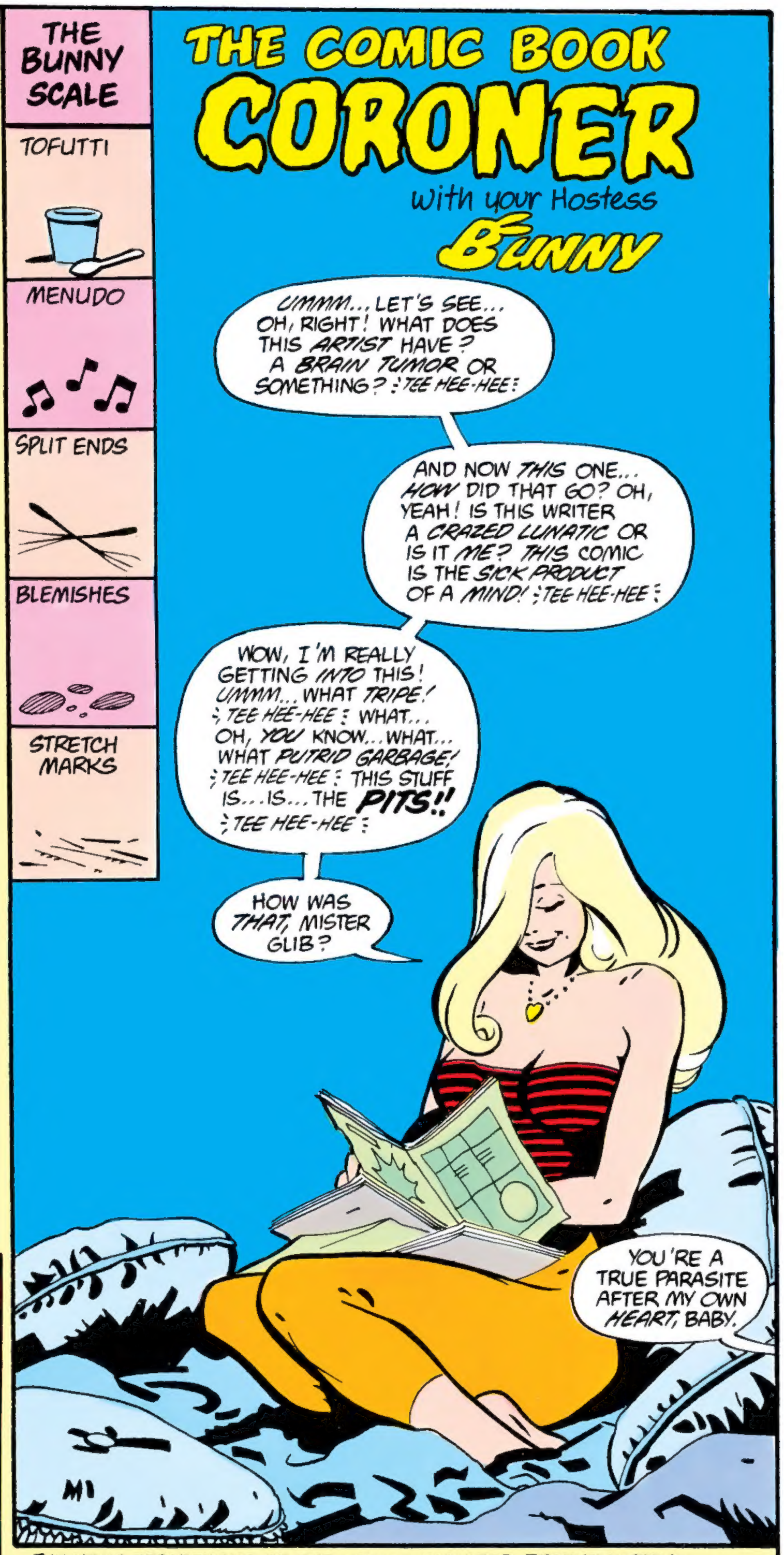
That evening I happened to be engaged in a spirited game of racquetball when my best chum Charles revealed to me his undying admiration for *Thriller*.

Naturally I wasted no time in shattering any delusion he may have held that he is capable of rational thought, discriminating judgment, or in fact, human intelligence of any kind. Incredibly, Charles took offense at this and has severed our relationship.

The following morning I got up early and met my mother by the pool for an hour of paddleball. Mom's not a comic book reader, thank heaven, but as we played, our conversation turned to current films and mom professed a keen enthusiasm for the works of Paul Mazursky. In no time at all I whittled the old dear into mincemeat, calling into question her basis for reasoning and reminding her that she had never attended college. Do you know what her response was? She said that she wished I'd never been born! A typically emotional retort.

Tennis anyone?

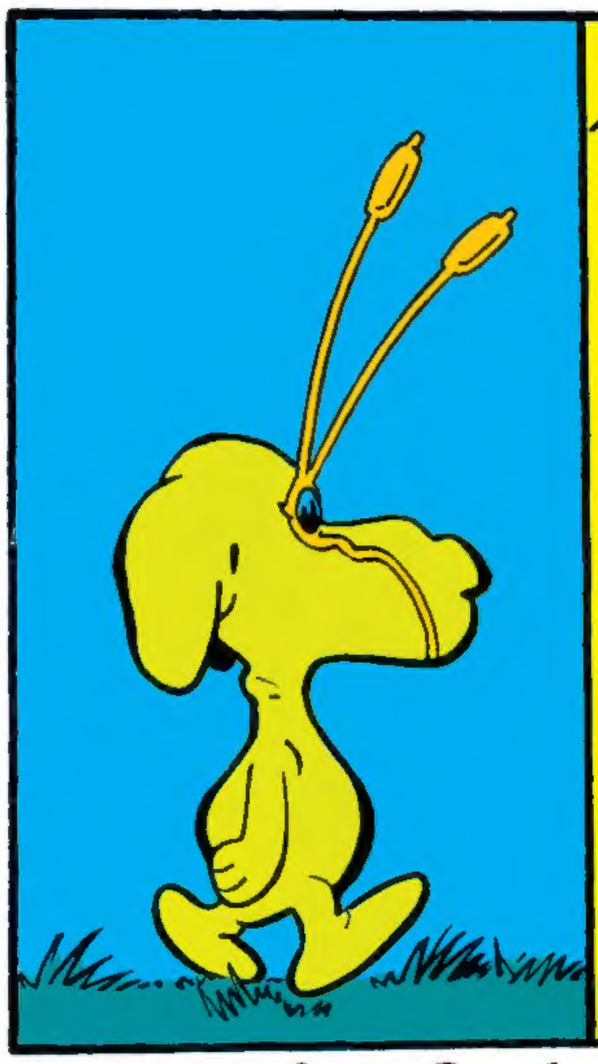
Arnie Glib


THE BUNNY SCALE
TOFUTTI
MENUDO
SPLIT ENDS
BLEMISHES
STRETCH MARKS
THE COMIC BOOK CORONER
With your Hostess BUNNY
UMMM... LET'S SEE... OH, RIGHT! WHAT DOES THIS ARTIST HAVE? A BRAIN TUMOR OR SOMETHING? ;TEE HEE-HEE;
AND NOW THIS ONE... HOW DID THAT GO? OH, YEAH! IS THIS WRITER A CRAZED LUNATIC OR IS IT ME? THIS COMIC IS THE SICK PRODUCT OF A MIND! ;TEE HEE-HEE;
WOW, I'M REALLY GETTING INTO THIS! UMMM... WHAT TRIPE! ;TEE HEE-HEE; WHAT... OH, YOU KNOW... WHAT... WHAT PUTRID GARBAGE! ;TEE HEE-HEE; THIS STUFF IS... IS... THE PITS!! ;TEE HEE-HEE;
HOW WAS THAT, MISTER GLIB?
YOU'RE A TRUE PARASITE AFTER MY OWN HEART, BABY.

THE NEWS DEPARTMENT OF THE COMICS INQUIRER RECENTLY SPENT HUNDREDS OF MAN-HOURS TRACKING DOWN A RUMOR THAT DC COMICS INC. WILL BE SUED BY MITSUBISHI CORPORATION OVER DC'S USE OF A CHARACTER REFERRED TO AS "MITSU BISHI" IN THEIR *AMBUSH BUG* COMIC BOOK. A SPOKESMAN FOR MITSUBISHI CORPORATION SAID THAT THE RUMOR WAS TOTALLY UNFOUNDED, BUT THAT HE HIMSELF HAD ORIGINALLY HEARD IT FROM DC'S PRESS AGENT. WHEN CONTACTED, THE PRESS AGENT SAID SHE'D FIRST HEARD THE RUMOR FROM THE NEWS DEPARTMENT OF THE COMICS INQUIRER. THUS IS LAID TO REST ANOTHER VICIOUS RUMOR, THANKS TO THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

THE COMICS INQUIRER DIVINES

FACTS FROM FICTION



FLASH

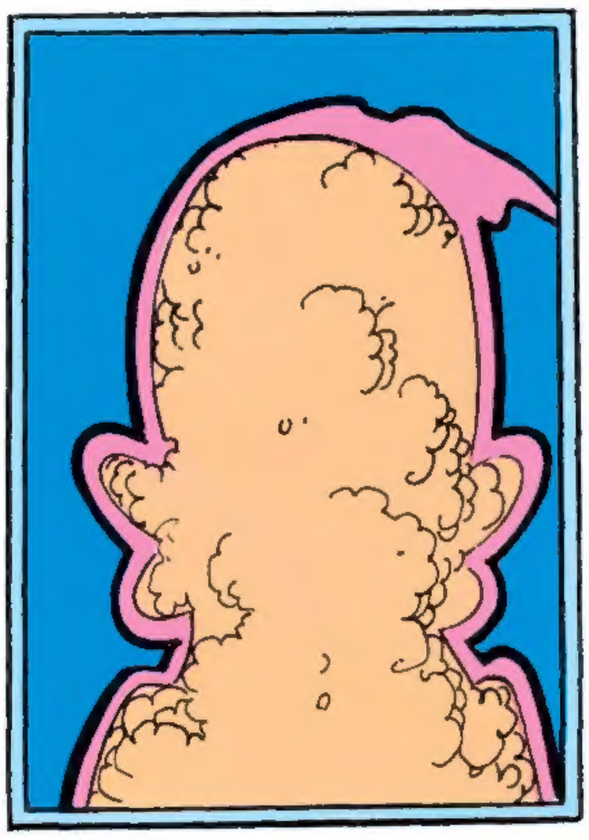
IT HAS COME TO OUR ATTENTION THAT KEITH GIFFEN *MAY*-- AND WE STRESS THE WORD ***MAY***-- BE PREPARING TO THROW HIS WILD AND UNPREDICTABLE CAREER INTO A BIZARRE NEW DIRECTION BY SWIPING FROM THE WORK OF "*PEANUTS*" CREATOR CHARLES M. SCHULZ! IS THIS ***TRUE?***

IT ***SHOULD*** BE!!

FLASH

SOURCES CLOSE TO THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS REPORT THAT HIS LOWNESS TURNED DOWN REPEATED OFFERS TO APPEAR IN THE "*HELL*" STORY IN *AMBUSH BUG #2*. OLD SCRATCH APPARENTLY FEARED THAT THE GIG WOULD SERIOUSLY DAMAGE HIS REPUTATION. COULD THIS BE ***SO?***

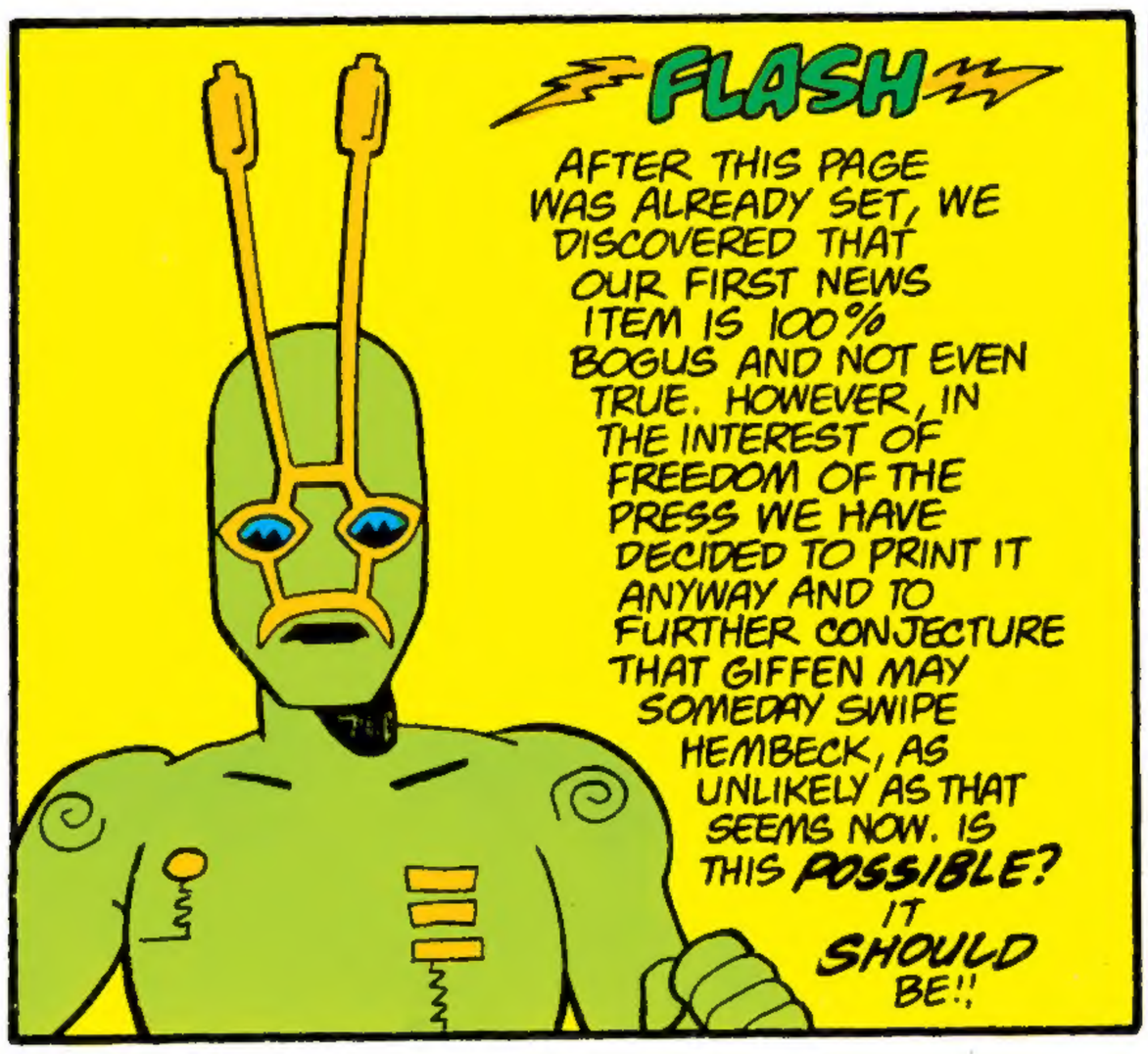
IT ***SHOULD*** BE!!



FLASH

IF.., IF... WE COULD GET OUR HANDS ON LITTLE CHEEKS, AMBUSH BUG'S CONFIDANT AND SELF-PROFESSED TOY WONDER, WE'D PUT HIM THROUGH A CAT SCAN. OR CUT HIM IN TWO WITH A BUZZ SAW. IT IS OUR CONTENTION, AND WE REALLY MEAN BUSINESS THIS TIME, THAT CHEEKS THE TOY WONDER IS NOTHING MORE THAN AN INANIMATE, NONSENTIENT, NONPARTISAN STUFFED DOLL! IS THIS A ***FACT?***

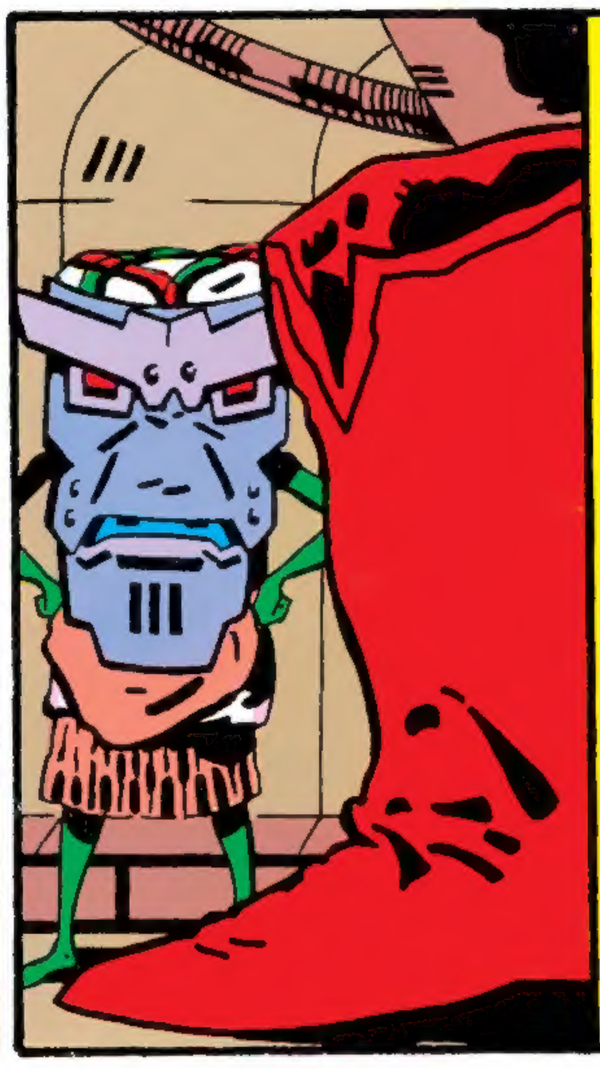
IT ***SHOULD*** BE!!



FLASH

AFTER THIS PAGE WAS ALREADY SET, WE DISCOVERED THAT OUR FIRST NEWS ITEM IS 100% BOGUS AND NOT EVEN TRUE. HOWEVER, IN THE INTEREST OF FREEDOM OF THE PRESS WE HAVE DECIDED TO PRINT IT ANYWAY AND TO FURTHER CONJECTURE THAT GIFFEN MAY SOMEDAY SWIPE HEMBECK, AS UNLIKELY AS THAT SEEMS NOW. IS THIS ***POSSIBLE?***

IT ***SHOULD*** BE!!



FLASH

A LITTLE BIRD JUST PEEPED TO US THAT THE EVIL PLAN OF THE SINISTER SOCK *ARGH!* YLE, WHICH HE HAS DUBBED OPERATION PLAN OF STEEL AND WHICH DEPENDS ON THE USE OF A PHONY, HYPNOTIC SUPERMAN BOOT, IS DOOMED TO FAILURE BECAUSE *ARGH!* YLE HAS NEGLECTED TO CLEAR THE USE OF THE BOOT WITH NEW SUPERMAN WRITER-ARTIST JOHN BYRNE.

AND ***YES!*** THIS ONE IS ***GOSPEL!!***

IMAGINE NOW THAT YOU'RE ARRIVING IN THE BIG CITY FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME. IMAGINE THAT YOU'RE A LITTLE... DIFFERENT.

SKREEK

'85

BRRRRRR WHUMP!

OKAY. NOW IMAGINE THAT YOU'RE A SOCK. YOU HEARD ME RIGHT! IMAGINE THAT YOU'RE A SOCK THAT WALKS AND TALKS!

IMAGINE, IF YOU WILL, THAT YOU'RE A WALKING, TALKING SOCK AND THAT YOU'RE WEARING AN AMBUSH BUG UNIFORM AND IT'S A LOUSY FIT.

STAND CLEAR OF THE DOORS, STAND CLEAR OF THE DOORS.

IMAGINE HOW YOU'D FEEL ARRIVING AT METROPOLIS CENTRAL STATION UNDER THOSE CIRCUMSTANCES!

PAWWW!! STINKS IN HERE!!

:PSSST:

AY, SKINNY. YEAH, YOU.

WHATCHA GOT THERE?

AH... WHAT? ME? *HAVE* SOMETHING? WHAT... UH... GAVE YOU *THAT* IDEA?

MEBBE ON ACCOUNT OF I SPIED IT DANGLIN' FROM YER *MITT*, DAT'S HOW.

SO ARE YA GONNA HAND IT *OVER*? OR DO YA WANNA BE CALLED "*LEFTY*" FROM NOW ON?

STICKS AND STONES WILL BREAK MY BONES, BUT NAMES WILL NEVER HURT ME!

...CROWBARS.

WUNK!

OWOOOO!!

WAP!

YOWEEEE!!

BOYS, DIS GUY'S GOT A WHATCHA-CALLIT *VALID POINT* THERE. ONLY ONE T'ING HE *FORGOT*...

IMAGINE THAT YOU ARE AMBUSH BUG AND THAT YOU ARE SWINGING ON A THIN ROPE HIGH ABOVE THE CITY SKYLINE AND YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHY!

GET INTO IT.

THIS IS RIDICULOUS! I'VE NEVER DONE THIS BEFORE! I GET AROUND BY TELEPORTATION, NOT BY SWINGING ON VINES LIKE TARZAN!

Beauty

AND WHAT'S WITH THESE BIZARRE CAPTIONS? HAS FLEMING POPPED HIS CORK OR WHAT?

IMAGINE THAT YOU ARE POPPING YOUR CORK. THE CHAMPAGNE GOOSHES OUT OF THE BOTTLE AND SHORTS OUT YOUR AUDIO EQUIPMENT.

IMAGINE... IMAGINE THAT YOU ARE ME. IMAGINE THAT YOU WRITE ALL THE DIALOGUE AND CAPTIONS FOR THIS COMIC. IMAGINE THAT YOU HAVE TOTAL AND ULTIMATE CONTROL OVER YOUR READERS' MINDS!

UH-

-OH.

IMAGINE THAT YOU ARE ROBERT LOREN FLEMING AND THAT YOU HAVE TOTAL BIG POWER! IMAGINE THAT YOU ARE THE KING OF CAPTIONS!! IMAGINE THAT YOU ARE...

IMAGINE THAT YOU ARE TARZAN. YOU ARE TALL, DARK, AND EXCEPTIONALLY HANDSOME, AND YOU MAKE NOISES LIKE AN APE. IMAGINE THAT YOU HAVE FALLEN IN LOVE, BUT THAT SHE IS AN ORANGUTAN AND YOUR MOTHER DOESN'T APPROVE. GOT ALL THAT?

AMBUSH BUG in "MIND-SLAVES OF THE CAPTION KING!"

KEITH GIFFEN • CREATOR • PLOTTER • PENCILLER • SLAVE	**ROBERT LOREN FLEMING** • SCRIPTER • CAPTION KING	**BOB OKSNER** • INKER • SLAVE
TONY TOLLIN • COLORIST • SLAVE	**JOHN COSTANZA** • LETTERER • SLAVE	**JULIUS SCHWARTZ** • EDITOR • SLAVE • ASSISTANT TO THE KING

IMAGINE, AMBUSH BUG, THAT YOU ARE A LOWLY COCKROACH TO BE GROUND BENEATH THE HEEL OF THE CAPTION KING!

AW, C'MON, FLEM! THIS ISN'T LIKE YOU AT *ALL!*

YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN SUCH A WIMP-- UH--I MEAN-- UMMM-- *WONDERFUL* PERSON!

OH, SURE. VERY SINCERE. I GUESS I'M JUST GOING TO HAVE TO TEACH YOU THE LESSON OF YOUR LIFE.

HEY! WH-WHAT ARE THESE WEIRD *LINES* COMING OUTTA MY HEAD?

THAT'S YOUR COCKROACH SENSE WARNING YOU OF DANGER, NATCH. WHY DO YOU THINK THE LITTLE BUGGERS ARE SO HARD TO HIT WITH A SHOE?

;GASP;

HAHAHAHAHA

NOW IMAGINE, PUNY LITTLE INSECT GUY, THAT I COULD *COMBINE* MY TALENTS FOR *WORDSMITHING* AND *STEAK TARTARE* IN ORDER TO COOK UP THIS MAGNIFICENT *ALTER EGO!*

IMAGINE YOURSELF AT THE *TENDER MERCY* OF *MACROWAVE!!!*

HAHAHAHAHA

HOT STUFF

WORLD'S BEST COOK

DON'T KISS THE CHE

WELL DONE

BAR-B-Q KING

BUT YOU'RE NOT TALKING IN *CAPTIONS* ANYMORE!

WAIT A MINUTE! YOU DON'T *PLOT* OR *DRAW* THIS COMIC, SO THAT MEANS YOU'VE SOME-HOW *FORCED* KEITH GIFFEN TO *HELP* YOU!!

WHAT WE'VE ALWAYS *FEARED* HAS FINALLY COME TO *PASS!* A *WRITER* IN *COMPLETE CONTROL* OF A ***COMIC BOOK!!!***

79

NOOOOo!

Pant Pant Pant

JUST A NIGHTMARE.

IT'S ALL BECAUSE OF THE *INTERFERER!* EVER SINCE THAT COSMIC CREEP STARTED MEDDLING AROUND IN MY *STORIES*, I'VE BEEN GETTING *PARANOID.*

NOW I'M DREAMING THAT MY OWN *SCRIPTER* WOULD TURN AGAINST ME!

IMAGINE THAT.

hee hee hee

QUIT KIDDING *AROUND*, FLEM, THIS IS *SERIOUS*. I HAVE TO DEVISE SOME KIND OF *PLAN.*

I'LL BET THAT THE INTERFERER IS *ALSO* BEHIND THE DISAPPEAR-ANCE OF *CHEEKY!* GRRRR!

I SWEAR THAT I WILL DEDICATE EVERY WAKING MOMENT OF THE REST OF MY LIFE TO THE QUEST FOR MY DEAR AND LOYAL COMPANION.

ALL THIS I VOW, BY VIRTUE OF THE DRAMATIC BACKLIGHTING THAT MAKES SCENES LIKE THIS SO STARK AND GRIPPING.

BUT NOW, TIME FOR A *SHAVE.*

SMUSH SMUSH SMUSH

I M

TO THINK THAT I ACTUALLY *DIED* A FEW DAYS AGO AND WENT TO *HELL!* I SURE WAS LUCKY TO FIND THAT *EXIT DOOR.*

PAT PAT PAT

THEN AGAIN, MAYBE IT WAS *MORE* THAN JUST LUCK. MAYBE I WAS SENT BACK FOR SOME *PURPOSE.*

YEAH! MAYBE IT WAS *PROVIDENCE!* DIVINE --

-- PROVIDENCE.

666

ON THE *OTHER* HAND, THERE'S ALWAYS THE *DISTINCT POSSIBILITY..*

--THAT I'M *THE BEAST FROM THE PIT!*

POP

AND NOW WOW! THE ZOOEY, SOMEWHAT KABLOOEY ORIGIN OF THE INTERFERER!
(CLARENCE TO HIS FRIENDS)

IT ALL BEGAN HERE, OR, TO BE MORE STRICTLY ACCURATE, DOWN THERE.

YOU COULDN'T REALLY CALL THE PLANET OXY-5 A BEAUTIFUL PLACE. UNLESS YOU WERE OUT OF YOUR GOURD, THAT IS.

SPEAKING OF GOURDS, HERE'S SOME OF THE RESIDENTS NOW.

(DON'T LAUGH OUT LOUD.)

ONE THING'S FOR SURE: THEY DO LIKE COMICS ON OXY-5 AND THEY LIKE ALL KINDS!

SUPER-HERO COMICS.

WAR COMICS.

EVEN WESTERNS.

THE MOST FAMOUS COMIC ARTIST ON OXY-5 WAS...

...CLARENCE TULAND.

WAS.

250,000,000 SALES

174,000,000 SALES

99,000 SALES (NO MORE ROYALTIES)

THEN ONE DAY CLARENCE WAS STRUCK BY A BOLT OF LIGHTNING AND TRANSFORMED INTO THE INTERFERER!

FLEMING, YOU IDIOT, YOU'RE GETTING AHEAD OF THE STORY!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S *OVER!* IT SEEMS LIKE *YESTERDAY* THAT I WAS *NUMBER ONE!* HOW CAN I HAVE *BURNED OUT* SO *QUICKLY?*

TULANO QUITS COMICS AT LAST!

I GUESS EIGHT BOOKS A WEEK *WAS* REALLY *PUSHING* IT.

I HAVEN'T HAD A SINGLE *FRESH IDEA* SINCE I CREATED THE *CHIROTRACTORS!*

IT'S FUNNY. I REALLY FELT LIKE A *GOD* WHEN I'D HAVE THOSE BRAINSTORMS! *SO POWERFUL! SO IN CONTROL!*

EVEN *IMMORTAL!*

BUT AS HE PLUMMETED TOWARD CERTAIN DEATH, CLARENCE SUDDENLY GOT AN IDEA FOR A SIX-ISSUE MINI-SERIES ON QUALITY PAPER!

THE STELLAR RADIATION, INTERACTING WITH THE OZONE LAYER OF THE MAN'S PLANET, PRODUCED A BIZARRE AND UNPRECEDENTED ATMOSPHERIC EFFECT.

IT WAS ABOUT A MAN WHO TRIED TO KILL HIMSELF DURING A PERIOD OF INTENSE SUNSPOT ACTIVITY.

THIS EFFECT WAS SOMETHING CALLED REJECTRICITY.

KRAKLE KRAKLE

WHICH WAS LIKE LIGHTNING.

BOOM!

EXCEPT DIFFERENT.

ZAM! SHAZAM!!

LAY OFF THE *SHAZAM*, PAL, THAT'S ALREADY BEEN *TAKEN.*

THE *REST'S* OKAY, THOUGH.

I'M YOUR *BRAIN.*

MY...MY *BRAIN!?* BUT WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT OF MY *HEAD??* AND WHERE *AM* I, ANYWAY? THE LAST THING I REMEMBER I WAS FALLING TO MY *DEATH!*

WH-- WHO ARE *YOU?*

DON'T *WORRY* ABOUT IT, KID. REMEMBER THAT *IDEA* YOU HAD ON THE WAY DOWN ABOUT THE GUY BEING STRUCK BY *REJECTRICITY?*

YEAH?

WELL, IT CAME *TRUE!* THAT KIND OF STUFF *HAPPENS* SOMETIMES, BUT JUST TRY TELLING THAT TO ANYONE WITH *HALF A BRAIN.*

SO NOW YOU'VE GOT ALL THE POWERS OF ANY SIX MYTHOLOGICAL FIGURES OF YOUR *CHOICE,* MIX OR MATCH. *GO* FOR IT, CLYDE.

BUT WHAT ABOUT *YOU?* WHAT WILL *YOU* DO WITHOUT A *BODY* TO DWELL IN?

HMM... I DUNNO. I'LL HAVE TO GIVE IT SOME *THOUGHT.*

HEY, *WHOA!* I'M GOING THROUGH A FEW *CHANGES* HERE!

I FEEL SO *POWERFUL!* SO...*IN CONTROL!* REALLY *IMMORTAL!*

IT'S...AS IF... THE ENTIRE *UNIVERSE...* WAS ALL...

ZAM!

-MINE!!!

MEANWHILE, IN THE SLAMMER...

BOY, THOSE COWARDS SURE DO PACK A NASTY WALLOP!

I'M GOING TO PRESS CHARGES AGAINST THOSE GUYS, JUST AS SOON AS I'M--

--RELEASED??

HEY!! WHAT DID YOU GO AND ARREST ME FOR??!

I'M THE INJURED PARTY HERE!!

I'M NOT GOING TO TAKE THIS LYING DOWN!!

WHAT ARE YOU SQUAWKING ABOUT?

HAVE I BEEN CHARGED WITH A CRIME?

I WANT TO KNOW WHY I'VE BEEN ARRESTED!

NO, OF COURSE NOT. WE JUST THREW YOU IN HERE 'CAUSE WE DIDN'T LIKE YOUR FACE. HOW ELSE WERE WE GONNA MAKE OUR QUOTA FOR TODAY?

I HAVE FRIENDS IN HIGH PLACES!!

VERY FUNNY!! BUT I BELIEVE I HAVE ONE PHONE CALL COMING, MISTER JOLLY JOKER!!

TAKE A TIP FROM ME, FRIEND. LIGHTEN UP AND YOU'LL LIVE A LOT LONGER!

WHAT ARE YOU, FROM THE ADVICE SQUAD? JUST GIVE ME THE QUARTER AND SHUTUP!!

RIIIIINNG RING RIIIIINNG RING

OKAY, BUT A LITTLE LEVITY WOULD PUT SOME MEAT ON YOUR BONES.

JUST THINK HOW HAPPY THAT WOULD MAKE YOUR MOM!

WHAAAT???!

NO!!!

THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING TO ME!! DON'T TELL ME THAT IDIOT HAS GOTTEN HIMSELF ARRESTED!!

I ASKED YOU NOT TO TELL ME THAT!!

BUT HE HAS, MASTER!

HE IS IN JAIL EVEN AS WE SPEAK!

C'MON, ARGH! YLE, LIGHTEN UP! YOU KNOW WHAT THE DOC SAID ABOUT THE OLD BLOOD PRESSURE. EASY FOR HIM TO TALK, HE'S NOT SEEKING WORLD DOMINATION.

MASTER, THERE'S A VIDEOGRAM COMING IN FOR YOU ON TERMINAL TEN.

IT BETTER NOT BE THAT ALUMINUM SIDING SALESMAN AGAIN!

WHAT IS THIS FOOLISHNESS?

Dear Mr. Argh! yle:
It has recently been brought to our attention that you are currently engaged in a multi-issue scheme to conquer the DC universe and to revenge yourself on the character the Ambush Bug. While we applaud your ingenuity perseverance,

While we applaud your ingenuity and perseverance, we have been further informed that your plot, referred to hereafter as the "*Plan of Steel*," involves the use of a facsimile of our copyrighted Superman boot. We regret to inform you that any use of Superman or his mythos, including the aforementioned footwear, is strictly prohibited by the "*right to first refusal*" clause in our exclusive contract with our newest artist/writer. We regret the inconvenience and are providing you with five seconds in which to get in the last word.

DC comics inc.

BUT--

KABLAM!

AND AT THAT SELFSAME MOMENT, AT INTERFERER HEADQUARTERS...

YIKES! I THINK I JUST *SAW* THE BIG DOPE IN THAT *WINDOW!*

IT *MUST* HAVE BEEN HIM... WHO *ELSE* WOULD BE WEARING A *TOGA* AND A CROWN OF *LAURELS?*

AW, THE *HECK* WITH ALL THIS *PUSSYFOOTING AROUND!* WHAT *AM* I, ANYWAY-- A *BUG* OR A MOUSE?

POP!

OKAY, MR. BIG SHOT, I'M ONLY GOING TO SAY THIS *ONCE...*

POP!

WELL, THIS GUY'S *HOUSE* WASN'T TOO HARD TO FIND. ALL I HAD TO DO WAS FOLLOW THE TRAIL OF *GARISH EXCESS.*

THEN AGAIN, I *DID* ALMOST LOST THE SCENT IN *ITALY.* ALL THOSE DOGGONE *CHERUBS.*

ZAM!

YOU'VE GOT *THAT* RIGHT, LESTER.

WHAT *IS* IT WITH THIS GUY ANYWAY? HE ACTS LIKE HE KNOWS WHAT'S *BEST* FOR HIMSELF! I'VE NEVER *MET* SUCH AN *OVER-INFLATED EGO!* WHO DOES HE THINK HE *IS?*

WELL, *I'LL SHOW HIM!* I'LL KNOCK THAT NASTY LITTLE STREAK OF *ORIGINALITY* RIGHT OUT OF HIS *CHARACTER DESCRIPTION!!*

I WANT A NICE CLEAN FIGHT THIS TIME, PIG.

PIG DON'T KNOW *MEANING* OF WORD "*CLEAN.*"

PIG?

UH-OH.

WHERE HAS THAT *DEMENTED CREEP* DUMPED ME *THIS* TIME?

DC

YOU IN THE *PIG PEN*, PRETTY BOY.

PIG MAKE YOU SAY "*OINK*"!

DING!

WOP!!

BOP!

WOPITA BOPITA WOPITA BOPITA

OOOH! :pant-pant: ENOUGH! :pant-pant: I MEAN...

OINK.

OINK! OINK!

THERE'S NOTHING IN THIS WORLD I HATE *MORE* THAN A *GRUNTING, SLOBBERING SWINE!*

WHAT??

HEY! WHAT DID YOU DO WITH PIG?

OH, I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I DO WITH PIGS, ALL RIGHT!

I GIVE THEM THE MISTER CLEAN SHEEN!!!

I KNOW I SHOULDN'T ASK, BUT--

--WHAT'S THE MISTER CLEAN SHEEN?

THAT'S WHEN I GET THE CANVAS SO SHINY--

AND NOW IT'S TIME FOR SOME FLOOR WHACKS!!

ONE... TWO...

...?

--THAT YOU CAN SEE YOUR FACE IN IT!!!

KRUNCH!

POP!

OH, NO! NOT THIS!! NOT--

HELP!

MEEP MEEP ME

Is there a hacker in the house?

MEEP MEEP

I ask you-- is this any way to run a comic book?

No, of course it isn't. and from now on, I'm calling the shots! The Interferer can go straight to--

CHOMP!

mmblmmm blmmbl!!

SCORE 5000 POINTS.. ENLIST IN WWII

MP

COMBAT CHEEKS AND HIS FRONTLINE MEDICS

APPROVED BY THE STATE DEPT.

NO. 1942
12¢
$352.00
IN GERMANY

WAR BABIES
from KLEMNER
EACH DOLL COMES WITH AN AUTHENTIC WAR RECORD, AN HONORABLE DISCHARGE, AND REAL SHRAPNEL! $59.95

IT ALL BEGAN HERE, AT HITLER'S TOP SECRET MANUFACTURING CENTER, KLEMNER TOYS UND SUNDRIES...

KLEN
TOYS
UND
SUNL

ONLY A SELECT FEW EVEN KNEW OF THE CENTER'S EXISTENCE!

:BURP:

!

IF YOU CAN READ ZIS -- DEN YOU ARE TOO CLOSE!

WHAT THE FÜHRER DEMANDS-- IS *IMPOSSIBLE!*

FOR *MONTHS* WE HAVE TOILED, DESIGNING AND *REDESIGNING*, BUT TO NO *AVAIL!*

THERE IS SIMPLY *NO WAY* TO CREATE A DOLL THAT IS BOTH *IRRESISTIBLY CUTE* AND *DISARMINGLY LIFELIKE!*

CRASH!

THUD!

VERDAMMT KIDS.

THIS SPACE FOR RENT

--TURNED OFF THE *LIGHTS* IN HERE--

OH.

:PING:

UHHH... RIGHT.

OR IS IT... LEFT?

I THINK I'LL JUST VERY CAREFULLY WALK OVER HERE WITHOUT REALLY DISTURBING ANYONE OR BEING EVEN NOTICED BY A SINGLE LIVING SOUL.

:HALLOOOO:

AND NOW I'LL JUST SORT OF GINGERLY TIPTOE BACK REAL QUIET-LIKE SO THAT NO ONE WILL THINK FOR A MINUTE TO GIVE ME A SECOND--

ZAM!

LET'S SEE... *FIGHT* SCENES, *FIGHT* SCENES. I PUT HIM UP AGAINST A *BOXER* AND A *WRESTLER* AND A *COMPUTER*... SO WHAT'S *LEFT*?

WELL, THERE'S ALWAYS... *HMM*, NO. OF COURSE, I *COULD* PUT HIM IN A... NO, THAT WON'T WORK, *EITHER*. HEY, *WAIT* A MINUTE! I'VE *GOT* IT!!

GRUNT COMICS PRESENTS

GRUNT!!

NO. GRUNT
GRUNT¢
U.K. GRUNT p
CAN. GRUNT¢

AMBUSH

THE BUGABOOIAN

GRUNT!!!

GRUNT?

RIPPLE THOSE *MUSCLES!!* TUCK IN THAT *TUMMY!!* FURROW THAT *BROW!!* BARE THOSE *TEETH!!* SLAM THAT *BANG!!* RIP THAT *SNORT!!*

POST THAT BILL!! CRASH THAT GATE!!

AHA HA HA HA!! I NEVER COULD RESIST A GOOD TITLE BOUT!!

BUT ENOUGH OF THIS ESCAPISM!

ZAM!

WHAT I'VE GOT TO CONCENTRATE ON NOW IS A WAY TO FIX THIS LITTLE PEST PERMANENTLY!

INCREDIBLE AS IT SEEMS, HE'S OBVIOUSLY IMPERVIOUS TO MOST OF MY MEDDLING! NONE OF MY EVERYDAY UNDERHANDED METHODS HAVE WORKED AGAINST THIS AMBUSH BUG WEIRDO! NO, IN ORDER TO VANQUISH HIM, I'M GOING TO HAVE TO RESORT TO SOMETHING MUCH MORE LETHAL, SOMETHING...

CRACKLE

CRACKLE

...SINCERE.

:MMMMPH: MORNING ALREADY?

HEY, HOW'D I GET BACK INTO MY VERY OWN LITTLE BEDDY?

HELLO? ANYBODY THERE?

ANY MAULERS OR BRAWLERS OR DONKEY KONGS?

THIS DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE AT ALL.

WHY WOULD THE INTERFERER SUDDENLY LET ME GO FREE, AFTER TRYING SO HARD TO DEFEAT ME? I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT HE'S GIVEN UP.

STILL, HERE I AM, SAFE AND SOUND AND NONE THE WORSE FOR WEAR!

UNLESS...

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

NOBODY'S HOME!

OPEN UP! POLICE!

MISTER AMBUSH BUG?

YES.

I HAVE A WARRANT HERE, SIR.

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

NEXT ISSUE:

BRUTALLY ARRESTED AND THEN HAULED BEFORE A JUDGE, OUR BELOVED HERO IS

"WITLESS FOR THE PROSECUTION!"